

A

PINDARIQUE ODE,
DESCRIBING THE
EXCELLENCY
OF TRUE
VIRTUE,
WITH
REFLEXIONS
ON THE
Satyr against Virtue.

-----*Semita certe*
Tranquilla per VIRTUTEM patet unica Vita.
Juven. Sat. 10.

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A
PINDARIQUE ODE,
Describing the Excellency of True *VIR-*
TUE; with Reflections on the *SATYR*
Against *VIR TUE*.

(1.)

SO Vast is *VIRTUES* Empire, that its Power
Commands a *Tribute* from the Worst of things;
Ev'n from the Shades of Conquer'd *VICE* there
A greater Light to ev'ry Soul, (springs
That can controul
Those Raging *PASSIONS* which dark Souls devour.

(2)

A *VIRTUOUS* man slays Ev'ry Day
In his own Breast,
A *Lion* much more fierce than that which *SAMSON* slew;
And from this *Lion* slain, there comes forth *Sweetness* too:
When he shall pass his Days, and climb
Beyond the Bounds of Time,
Up to *ETERNITY*;

(2)

Then *Full* his *Foy* shall be,
And never shall decay:
His *Toilsome* Fights shall end in Everlasting Rest.

(3)

The (a) *Stagirite* had but a Glimpse o'th' Light,
Which shines in *VIRTUES* Glorious Face.
His Notions were like *Twinkling Stars* i'th' Night;
But those are *Sun-Beams* which proceed from *Grace*,
Ev'n from the fence of His Almighty *LOVE*,
Who for us here was *Griev'd* and *Slain*, though still He had
An Heart most *Glad*,
And *Endless Life* above. (Breath
Those Christians who for Him Meekly gave up their
Were not (b) *Tame Fops*, but Bravely they did Triumph over
That *King of Terrors*, who (Death,
Makes all the World to Bow;
Whose Scepter all men dread, but they alone
Whom he's forc'd to *Transport* to an Eternal *CROWN*.

(4)

Great *SOCRATES*, who as that (c) *Father* says,
In part our *SAVIOUR* knew,
Deserv'd Immortal Praise;
The mad *Athenians* murder'd him, but could not him *subdue*,
The Day he took the Fatal Draught, how did his mighty
Reign and Controul, (Soul

(a) The *Stagirite* be damn'd, &c. Sat. against *Virtue*, Stanza 1.

(b) When Christian Fools were obstinately good,

Nor yet their Gospel-Freedom understood,

Tame easie Fops, &c. 4.

(c) *Justin Martyr*.

As

(3)

As Slaves, and Vassals, all th' *Athenian* Potentates;
 His Bright Discourse quite chang'd the hue o'th' *Black*
 And Dreadful Fates;
 His Friends look'd sad and pale as

Death, but He
 Who was to die still talk'd of *Immortalitie*.
 'Tis clear he never was a (d) *Sniv'ling Puritan*,
 Amongst that *stubborn Sect* ther's not a man
 Will ever plead his Cause,
 Who (e) rather chose to die than break his Countreys
 (Laws.

(5.)

Those *Heathen Gods* thou nam'st,
 Whose Vices thou proclaim'st,
 Made *VIRTUE* in those Dayes
 Deserve the greater Praise, (could raise.
 That press'd with such Temptations, she her drooping Head
 How brave a Soul then had our *SOCRATES*!
 Who, 'mongst those Men, whose Gods were Patrons of all
 Intemperance and Avarice, (Vice
 Of Theft, and ev'ry foul
 Distemper of the Soul,
 Declar'd that man's best Part no Earthly thing can please:
 That th' Heav'n-Born Mind
 Can never be at rest, till it shall find
 A BEAUTY, which can ne'r be seen by Mortal Eyes:

(d) That Sniveling Puritan, who in spight of all the Mode,
 Would be unfashionably good. &c. 4.

(e) Τί ἂν ἀν' ἐκπονη. αἱ Νόμοι; ὁ Σόκράτης, ἢ καὶ ταῦτα ἀπολογητο ἡμῖν
 τε καὶ σοὶ ἡμεῖς αὖτε ταῖς ἀδικαίαις, αἷς ἀν' ἡ πόλις διακρίνοι; Quidnam vero
 Leges dixerint; O Socrates, nonne inter nos & te illud convenit, ut
 Iudiciis staret, quæ constitueret, stabiliretque Civitas? Plato in Crisone.

That

(4)

That then the Soul *lives best*, when she
From Commerce with the Flesh is Free ;
That th' Wicked can't a Good man *Hurt* by all that they
Can ever Do, or Say ;
Whatever *Storms* About him rise, he sees a *Pleasant Day*.

(6)

There are no *Sweets* in Vice, unless it be
More pleasant to turn *Scabs* to *Wounds* by scratching *eagerly*;
Than from all *Itch* and *Scabs* to have our Bodies free.
Ah, *VIRTUE*, that thy Sweet Embrace were better known !
Who would not less esteem a Crown ,
Than the Enjoyment of thy Beauteous Face,
In which shines *Ev'ry Grace*
True, and *Substantial* ! Other Beauties are
But the least *Shadows* of what's *TRULY FAIR*.
O, whilst thy (f) *Veins* are *plump*, and full of *Blood*,
Strive to be *Eminently good* ;
As high as Heaven be thy Aims !
Ah see ! Oppressed *VIRTUE* claims
Thy best Endeavours to support her Cause,
And to restore some Reverence to her Despised Laws ;
Let thy Youth's Fire
Make thee aspire
To all that's truly Great, and see
Thou never be
Deceiv'd with those Proud, Stately Fops , who Earthly
(things admire.

(f) While my plump Veins are fill'd with Lust and Blood, &c.

Stanza 5.

(5)

(7.)

All Quiet sure, and Peace of Mind,
Within the Bounds of *VIRTUE* is confin'd :
Without her all that Mortals can attain

Is Misery and Pain,
Or th' empty shew of Joyes : (Noise :
(g) Wine does but make men Mad, and Company makes
But all this Noise can't drown the voice of *Conscience*;
Which after some *Suspence*, (ter force,
Like Thunder through the Clouds, breaks forth with great
Through the Condens'd Black Vapors of the Mind :
And straight bold Sinners find
Great cause of sharp Remorse
By those bright *Sparks* of mighty Truth, which like to
Lightning flie ;
And do not cheer Souls fix'd in Sin, but only *Terrife*.

(8)

That great *Trinivirate* in Sin
Have in these evil Days great Rivals of their Fame,
Men Glory in their Shame,
And from the greatest Crimes they hope the greatest
Praise to win.

'Tis counted Brave to Kill the Just,
In Vindication of the Basest Lust.

Some Swear, and Drink, and Whore, (Restore
And some that blame them, Lie, and Cheat, and never will

(g) Her Quiet calm and Peace of Mind
In Wine, and better Company we find,
Find it with Pleasure too combin'd
In mighty Wine, where we our Senses sleep,
And lull our Care and Consciences asleep.

Stanza 6.

III

